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# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



C. Coeckelber

A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U. S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 60

No. 10

OCTOBER, 1927

Price 10

Cents



A CONTENTED HERD

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(Titles in bold-face are of books.)

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"Be Kind to Animals" Buttons, three styles	\$1.00 per 100
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Buttons—white star on blue ground, with gilt letters and border, one cent each	1.00 "
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"Band of Mercy" Pennant	35 cts.
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Songs of Happy Life, with Music, S. J. Eddy	50 cts.
Songs of Happy Life (56 pages, words only), \$3.00 per 100	
Band of Mercy Membership Card	.50 "
How to Form Bands of Mercy	.50 "

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

About a year and a half ago the Department of Visual Education in the Detroit Public Schools received a film of "THE BELL OF ATRI." Recently Mr. W. W. Whittinghill, head of that department, wrote to the American Humane Education Society:

"Our film, Bell of Atri, which we obtained from your organization, needs to be replaced. The film has been shown to a great number of schools and is very fine indeed. I would like to have the replacement price of one print of this film."

Since the letter came, an order has been received for another print of the film to be sent to the Detroit public schools.

THE BELL OF ATRI, with its lessons of kindness to animals, should be presented to every public school in the country.

It is not too early to arrange for rental of the film during the Be Kind to Animals Anniversary of 1928, April 16 to 21. It will be better, if possible, to show it before those crowded dates.

For all particulars, including prices for sale or rental, address, AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Vol. 60

October, 1927

No. 10

THE multiplication of Jack London Clubs nearly, if not quite, around the globe witnesses to the increasing interest in animal welfare throughout the world.

A FINE matinee performance was given this summer in Paris under the auspices of the Jack London Club of that city. A number of distinguished artists from the Opera, the Odeon, the Varieties and Opera Comique were upon the program.

ALL friends of animals in New England must be sincerely grateful to the Shepard Stores of Boston and Providence for granting so readily the use of their broadcasting station Wednesday evenings from 7:30 to 8 o'clock to the Animal Lovers' Club. The station is WNAC.

A SERIES of contributions from the pen of Professor Dallas Lore Sharp will soon appear in *Our Dumb Animals*. We know of no living writer in the field where bird and beast lure the student of nature to a more intimate friendship who matches him in charm of style, in understanding of life's wild children, in fineness of spirit, and in trustworthiness of statement. It is a rare treat we are promising our readers.

A WEALTHY woman died recently abroad, a Madame Popelska, who left her beautiful villa to be transformed into a refuge and home for old dogs. The day she made her will she took pains to be carefully examined by a celebrated alienist, who certified that she was in perfect health of mind and body. Nevertheless, as generally happens, relatives are attempting to break the will on the ground that she was insane.

WE regret to learn that the hunting law in Nova Scotia against many protests has been so amended as to permit the killing of the cow moose during the open season. Unless the moose should multiply so rapidly as to become a menace, why can't they be left to roam unmolested their native forests? Of course the hunter thinks they were made to kill. We wonder how true the report that in Maine they are so numerous it is unsafe to allow children to go alone to school in certain sections of the state.

## CHICAGO AND THE RODEO

ONCE more the Association of Commerce of Chicago has brought the rodeo to that city. The many protests of humane societies and humane people were without avail. The advertisements announced that the most "vicious, man-killing horses" ever assembled for a rodeo would be used. "Giant Brahma Mexican steers" were to be provided for the so-called cowboys to leap upon from their horses and to twist their necks so that they would fall to the ground in the shortest possible time. It was even announced that the show would be better than the one the President saw in the Black Hills.

Among the advertisements is this: "Tex Austin, known to all the West as a 'straight shooter' and 'square guy,' has been secured to manage the Rodeo." Monday, August 22, will be "Mayor's Day," "when our own 'Big Bill,' Chicago's 'Cowboy Mayor,' William Hale Thompson, will be present as guest of the Rodeo."

Of course the really intelligent people who know anything about these shows know that they represent the real West of early ranching days about as truly as a bull-fight would represent some of the performances at an old-fashioned country fair. Governor Moody of Texas we have quoted before as saying "The reputable cattle men of Texas repudiate the brutal bull-dogger and steer-roper. Rodeos are, as most people are coming to know, in certain notorious Western towns, highly organized exhibitions of cruelty."

Yes, we are a highly civilized people with our rodeos, and prize fights, and lynchings, our bombs, our burglaries, and our homicides which exceed in number those of any nation, probably, on the face of the earth. We still believe, in spite of all to the contrary, "the world is rolling out of darkness into light."

THE merciless driver. Not of the horse but of the automobile. Hundreds, probably thousands of small animals are annually killed upon our highways by heartless drivers who either deliberately run over them or take no pains to avoid them. These are the people who, driving a horse, would show the same cruelty, and in whom no animal would find a friend. This wanton blotting out of little lives is wholly without excuse either by night or day.

## AT OUR REST FARM

THIS has been a banner year for our Rest Farm for Horses at Methuen. More generous friends than ever have answered our appeals for the Horses' Vacation Fund. As we write there are thirty-two horses sharing the comforts of large pastures where running water and shade are in abundant supply, the greater part of them there through the kindness of those who have contributed for this purpose, and the horses have been coming and going all summer. Some stay a few days, some two or three weeks, some for the entire season. Some have gone up from Boston in our ambulances, some have come from Lawrence and Methuen. The rains have kept the pastures in finer condition than they have been through July and August for years. We have abundance of growing corn that is cut and carried to the pastures, and the horses needing grain are given it daily. The new superintendent, a thorough horseman, gives them his personal care and always welcomes visitors to the stables and the farm.

During the year he has been with us 248 dogs and 206 cats have been brought to the farm's small animal shelter. Homes have been found for those whose condition warranted it. No dogs or cats are sold. Giving them where we find they are to have good homes, we retain, in this way, the right to take them away should we discover they were not properly cared for.

The cemetery was never more attractive than this season. Thirty-seven new small headstones mark the graves of the household pets buried in it during the past twelve months, from August 1, 1926, to August 1, 1927. The gifts of two most kind friends make it possible for us to keep the cemetery grounds looking as well as any lawn. From its sloping hillside, which stretches down to the level places, these two friends have given it its name, "Hillside Acre."

FRIGHTFUL as has been the destruction of human life by the gasoline car and truck—a destruction due largely to the carelessness and recklessness of those who drive them—they have brought relief to thousands of horses, not only from exhausting loads but from the cruel treatment they would have received in being beaten, starved and overdriven.

## JACK LONDON CLUB NEARLY 400,000

ITS FUNCTION HAS BEEN TO MAKE PUBLIC WATCHFUL OF CRUELTY AND ABUSE

## WHAT THE RODEO MEANS

Reprinted from *National Tribune*

**E**ditor *National Tribune*: In your issue where you speak of the President witnessing a Wild West show, you mention that many humane societies are sending protests against this, and you speak of the "alleged" cruelties of such shows.

As I have lived many years where these shows were born (for the jaded amusement of inexperienced people who are after new thrills), I know my ground thoroughly. This form of entertainment is the falsest and most degraded, except, perhaps, the bull-fight. It is false because it is supposed to depict the spirit of the Old West.

Cowboys and spurs and 10-gallon hats and torturing of helpless animals before a grandstand full of spectators never was known in the West until the West had arrived.

I doubt very much if these rodeos would long live in the West were it not for the droves of people who come out in private cars from the East to see them.

"Rodeo" means broken necks, broken legs, broken horns, choking and strangling little calves—the animal victims of this commercialized cruelty.

No sport or amusement should be encouraged which requires humane officers to keep it "within the law."—G. W. Simpkins, 811 Spofford Avenue, Spokane, Wash.

## GOOD FOR VIENNA

**I**N a recent dispatch of the International News Service from Vienna we read that popular feeling against bullfighting has banned motion pictures portraying the national sport of Spain from Vienna cinemas. A small riot was staged in a downtown cinema recently when a film showing a bullfight was thrown on the screen.

The people shouted against the sport and when a horse was killed they rose and began to throw things at the screen. The manager restored order by promising to substitute another picture, but when this was shown, by a misfortune of choice, it also had a bullfight scene.

The audience then destroyed the screen by throwing missiles, and went to protest to the city authorities in a body supported by several members of the Austrian S. P. C. A. The city authorities did not act, but the Cinema Owners' Association decided to ban bullfight pictures.

We doubt if any audience in the United States seeing a bullfight on the screen would have shown their hatred of such a cruelty in any such determined a manner. Perhaps a few of those present might have refused to applaud.

## FROM A CATHOLIC PRIEST

**P**ius XI recently disapproved of prize fights. Is he wrong? Is he a pessimist who discourages entertainments and enjoyments? What happiness can there be in seeing two human beings break each other's ribs? We condemn bullfights in Spain and Mexico and permit two human beings to descend below the level of brutes. Indeed



THE NECK-TWISTING, BULLDOGGIN FEAT IS RENDERING THE WESTERN RODEO INSUFFERABLY REPUGNANT

New York does not win the admiration of reasonable people by encouraging such brutal demonstrations. In Texas they are forbidden by law. Is the public press not doing great harm by devoting so much space and time to advertising these prize fights? Indeed our nation is far from true culture and civilization. This is seen by the 80,000 who attended the last fight in New York, and paid \$1,000,000 to see it. Why not spend \$1,000,000 for starving children in New York City, or flood sufferers in Mississippi?—"Oh, what fools these mortals be!" RAYMOND VERNIMOUT

## NEARLY 400,000 STRONG

**T**HE Jack London Club is a humane society with no officers and no dues. It was started, primarily, because of Jack London's revelations of the cruelties behind the trick animal performances in our theaters and other places. It has grown rapidly in numbers and influence. Nearly four hundred thousand persons have become members of it in the United States alone. They constitute a force which the animal training clique now recognize and are compelled to respect in considerable measure. Walking out from animal performances or refraining from patronizing such shows has meant a great reduction of cruelty to animals.

To join this Club all you have to do is to agree to do the one thing that London says will finally banish these performances from the stage, *viz.*, get up and go out of the theater during that part of the program. Will you do it? If so, send your name to *Our Dumb Animals*.

## TRAP LEGISLATION

**S**OME of the official organs of the fur trade are expressing alarm at the progress and strength of the anti-steel trap campaign.

They are apprehensive of the "humane sentiment" that is arising and, as one trade publication puts it, "forcing the passage of a law in every state legislature to prohibit the sale or use of the steel trap, under the guise of humanitarian legislation."

It is to be expected that those who are engaged in the fur industry will resist all efforts to make the use of the steel trap illegal, that they will stress their contention that the advocates of humanity are in reality waging an anti-fur-wearing crusade and by so doing are threatening the continuance of a great, necessary and legitimate business.

The fur trapper and trader are little concerned with humane or ethical considerations. The steel trap with all the cruelty and waste that it entails furnishes the product in which vast capital is involved. Justice to dumb animals of the wild is subordinated, even unrecognized, by those who resent any possible interference with their business or pleasure. There is a phase of the anti-trap agitation, however, that must compel the consideration of the furriers. It is the question of conservation. In "From Thumbscrew to Steel Trap," a concise and illuminating treatise which should command a wide reading, its author sounds a warning and makes a deduction therefrom as follows:

"Today the capture of fur-bearing animals is so running riot as to threaten many species with extinction. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has sounded a warning and the New York Zoological Society has published an elaborately illustrated pamphlet showing the prodigality of fur garments and emphasizing the gravity of the situation. The state legislatures are becoming interested in trapping reform as a conservation measure. The furriers find the demand for their products to threaten the permanence of the supply. Consequently they are realizing the need of restrictions and have shown some willingness to co-operate with those who are opposing the steel trap for humane reasons. Their apprehension of the success of the anti-steel trap campaign leads them to prefer a reform of the fur industry which may prevent its destruction. \* \* \* If the cruel steel trap were now swept from existence, leaving the purveyors of pelts to fall back upon the various other available methods of trapping and obtaining furs, it is possible that a great permanent benefit to the fur industry would result."

## A FRIENDLY VOICE

**T**HE rodeo is wrong—it is inherently, fundamentally wrong. As it has been abolished in England, so will it be in America. Influence and commercial power will retard the forces of righteousness and humanity for a season: but eventually the latter will win, must win. . . . Another reform that is already in the making is the abolition of the steel trap—that ghastly successor of the pillory and the rack.

—Chicago Leader

## TO THE LEADER OF THE MIGRATING WILD-GEESE

AGNES JOYNES

STRANGE guide of that strange V-shaped caravan  
 A-pointing north, of winged travelers  
 Against a cold gray sky, who carry your  
 Most prized possession—wild, sweet life—unto  
 Another clime: We envy you your matchless  
 Leadership. Your compass no one knows.  
 We only know there is no compass made  
 By man, that's half so true! Your course is sure;  
 Your only fear lest the marauder, man,  
 Overtake your caravan upon the way  
 And rob you of your priceless jewel—life.  
 The sweet, wild call came wafted on the winds:  
 You took the sporting chance. I cast aside  
 The cold, hard fact that life must ever be  
 Sustained by sacrifice of life, and wish  
 You safe arrival at your journey's end.

## HUMANE EDUCATION TRUST FUND

SOME of our missionaries in the field and other workers who have given time, strength and often money for the promotion of humane education, being now advancing in years and incapacitated by ill health from doing so much active work should, if they need it, receive assistance from us if it is possible for us to render such assistance. We therefore solicit contributions for a fund which has been started by friends for this purpose. This fund of \$1,310 is a foundation upon which we hope to build a goodly amount.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

IN nature there's no blemish but the mind;  
 None can be called deformed but the unkind."

## Wild Cattle of England

N. TOURNEUR

ONLY in England, now, is there a remnant of the European bison, the congener of the North American bison which such efforts have been made to preserve since its disappearance became imminent. Elsewhere in Europe the descendants of the auroch, which was hunted and killed by prehistoric man with his weapons of sharpened flint and bone, have been rooted out, and this, deliberately. Gone is the famous herd of the Potocki family; and gone the great Lithuanian herd, so carefully preserved by successive tsars; and gone two other smaller herds, as well as the bison of the Caucasus. As they were tokens of aristocracy and lineage, the Bolsheviks exterminated them. In England, however, there are several herds of the auroch—herds that are wild in every sense of the word—the most famous and get-at-able being the Chartley and the Chillingham herds.

At Chillingham, which is easily reached from, say, Berwick-on-Tweed, the Tankerville have kept their wild cattle for some six to seven centuries where stretch miles of the scattered remains of the forest once covering the Cheviot Hills. To get near them at any time is practically impossible, for they are the wildest and most suspicious of wild things. It is difficult to approach any nearer than your binoculars' range; the deer, of which there are some hundreds in the parks, taking alarm and fleeing toward the cattle as if to warn them, and all taking cover in the woods and among the tall thickets of furze and broom. And, too, the aurochs' faculty of scent, of smelling intruders afar, is not only that of animals of the real wild, but is extraordinarily acute. A cow with calf has been known to

"wind" a man's track like a bloodhound, and with very unpleasant consequences to him.

The hearing, also, of those wild cattle is as singularly sharp. So it comes that, after you have slowly and cautiously worked up-wind into their neighborhood, the keeper hands you the glasses with a grunt. "There's no besting them, sir," he remarks, "as you can see." Laying your glasses on the scattered animals, you note that every head is turned toward you, and the flapping ears and switching tails indicate very little more alarm may stampede them.

The wild bison of Europe was originally black or deep brown, and, although England's cattle are white by gradual evolution, it is noted that a calf is now and again born like its prehistoric ancestors, of a black, or again, a deep brown hue. See them in the pure half-light of dawn or evening, and they with their white coats and massive heads, bold up-curving horns, alert gleaming eyes, and coal-black muzzles, appear as the incarnation of wild energy, shy yet tremendous, and of animal beauty. And the garish glare of an unclouded June noontide does not lessen this impression, though it imparts no glamour nor vision of the past.

The habits of those animals are still of the wilderness and its ceaseless dangers. During the daytime they lie in the more secluded parts, and begin to feed and move around when nightfall approaches. Even then the bison's movements show they are on the alert and very, very wary.

They are born suspicious—cautious. When a calf, hidden as is the way, invariably, in a thicket by its mother, is surprised, it does not try to flee—as the farm-bred calf does—but drops like a plummet. It lies low, crouching among the branches and tall bracken like a hare. Step to it and it sets its head for butting in defence, yet it is still so feeble as to fall over with the exertion. Cunningly does the mother hide her youngling in a secret place, changing it often, and coming back at intervals to suckle it. As it grows older it develops the craftiness of the most crafty untamed beast far from the haunts of man. A young bull, getting worsted in a fight, falls and shams death—just the same as, say, the weasel does when enticing you to free it of snare or trap. Then, as soon as the victor ambles away, the other gets up and begins to graze again, but all on the watch for a fresh attack.

As the bulls fight all the year round, in bison fashion—kneeling on their forelegs and tossing the turf over their heads, when they challenge—it is necessary to limit their numbers. And the way of capture as regards them is the same as that used with other animals of the wild—to wit, enticement.

Captivity, England's aurochs cannot endure. They pine away, and even the quarter-breeds—for these bison are occasionally crossed with other stock, keep much of the wild cattle's shyness and tendency to quarrel. And they are even as intractable.

Only when hunger compels are these wild bison at all tame and responsive to human approaches. When the frost goes some five or six inches into the ground, making it hard as Roman cement, and the snow lies deep—weather which the Cheviot country more often experiences than any other part of the British



FAITHFUL GROVER

Photo from Horse Association of America

"Faithful Grover," who for twenty-two years and two months traveled the same milk delivery route. On his thirtieth birthday, in 1925, Grover was retired to a life of ease. He had drawn a milk wagon more than 40,000 miles and had delivered more than 2,000,000 quarts of milk and cream during the period of his usefulness.

Horses used by fifteen large dairy companies in Chicago increased 534 head during 1925 and 1926.

Delivery of \$1,000,000 worth of milk by horse and wagon instead of by electric truck in Chicago saves \$94,100; by horse and wagon instead of gasoline truck, \$112,000.

On three delivery routes surveyed, one salesman did not drive his horse a single time after arriving in his delivery territory, another drove his horse only once, while salesman driving electric truck sat down to drive 75 times during the two hours, 39.3 minutes, he was in delivery territory.

Isles—and the herds can find no food for themselves, loads of hay and turnips are sledged up to the parks by the keepers. Then the aurochs instinctively fall into file behind the supplies as they are being taken to the feeding places—at first, they follow at a considerable distance in the rear, but, as the journeys are repeated, the animals gradually come closer and closer. And in this way plans are satisfactorily carried out when it is necessary to capture any of the cattle.

There is nothing in England more picturesque and charged with glamour of the past than sight of the wild cattle on the Chillingham uplands as dusk falls and sunset is fading in pale amber and gold above the moors and woods. Then one white bison after another comes slowly, cautiously, out of the depths of the coverts and glades, trampling the dew-wet bracken, and biting the grass and low boughs of the leafy trees. The same scene as when their progenitors, centuries ago, roamed in the forests covering the Cheviot Hills and much of the marches of borderland and in the waste lands beyond.

Only in England can the ghost of Charlemagne range with the bison which he liked to hunt.

#### TWO NEW LEAFLETS

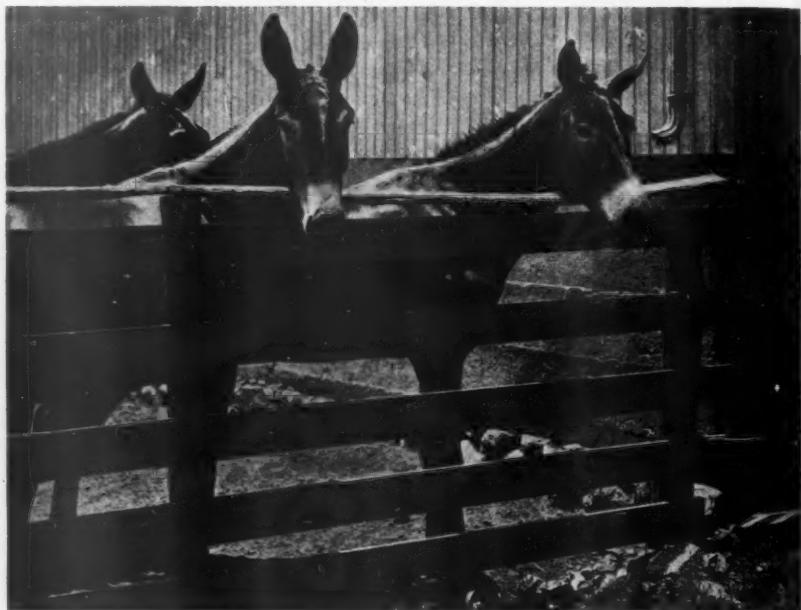
THEY are both free to those especially interested in the subjects treated. One is by President Rowley, entitled, "A Great Prophecy." It is based upon what Mr. Angell wrote and published many years ago about the importance of the American Humane Education Society. It tells something of the work that is now being accomplished by this organization with its numerous home and foreign workers.

The other is by Dr. Rudolph H. Schneider of the veterinary staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, whose leaflet, "Distemper in Dogs," has been very widely and profitably circulated. This treatise is called, "Rabies vs. Running Fits," and is intended to help owners of dogs to be able to tell whether their animals are afflicted with rabies or with a less dangerous disease. Every dog owner will wish to read it.

For copies of the above, address the office of *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

#### A WONDERFUL VALUE

THE American Humane Education Society has just received another thousand sets of the handsome colored lithographs, known as the animal posters of the National Child Welfare Association. There are six posters to the set, each with an attractive picture and a verse illustrating kindness to animals. The size is 17 x 28 inches. We know of nothing ever published that so fills the bill for display before young children. All teachers will eagerly accept them. School departments should have them brought to their attention. We are able, through combining with other societies and through the generosity of interested individuals, to offer these really handsome posters at the bargain price of one dollar for the set of six, postpaid to any address. We have a few samples of two of the posters which, so long as they last, may be obtained for ten cents each. Remember that 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, is headquarters for literature and all supplies on the subject of teaching kindness to animals.



WAITING FOR THE EVENING FEED

Courtesy of Farm and Ranch

#### ON BEHALF OF PRIZE HORSES

IN a letter to the *New York Herald Tribune*, written from Lake Forest, Ill., during the summer, Irene Castle McLaughlin protests at "inhumane devices" as follows:

We used to think the old grocery wagon and funeral coach horse had all the worst of it, and was much to be pitied, but I think anyone with a keen love of animals will agree that the prize horse—the unfortunate beast which proves itself handsome enough to be shown in the ring—deserves our sympathies.

Something should be done to abolish the cruelties suffered by the five-gaited and three-gaited hacks to make them carry their tails in a most unnatural and, to me, very ugly, exaggerated fashion.

Bending the horses' tails straight up in the air or over their backs—as it often does—must be like having one's fingers bent backward unbearably. On walking through the stables at the South Shore Country Club Show in Chicago lately, I saw all of the saddle class horses suffering from this inhumane device. They can do nothing to get it off and so they restlessly change their weight from one hind leg to the other in a perfect torment of discomfort. An exhibitor who was with me at the time said that they were often left on until 12 o'clock at night.

Nothing is pretty that so destroys nature's handiwork. The most beautiful women are the naturally beautiful ones. A well-made horse is a lovely creature and a treat to the eye, but our horse shows today give us only a caricature of what nature meant a horse to be.

I remember considering the purchase of a handsome big chestnut mare at the Rochester show one fall. She was so gentle and well mannered, and the price not exorbitant, that I was on the point of buying her. Being a thoroughbred, she had no action and rather shuffled along in the dust—a "daisy cutter" they are sometimes called. I mentioned this to the dealer who was trying to sell her to me and he said: "Oh, that's easily fixed, we just lay the chains to her before she goes in and

she picks up her feet all right." Do you know what laying the chains means? I did not, but I found out. It is cracking her sharply with a tire chain across the legs many times. I decided at once not to take her, as I was buying her solely with the idea of showing her, and I certainly could not have succeeded in making her step on that prescription. The same winter she won the championship in the Garden with Lady Beck of Canada judging, and I wondered as I saw her win so brilliantly how many times during the week she had suffered the chain punishment—this gentle, trusting mare.

#### HORSE-SENSE

L. GRANDIN

IT was a sultry August night in the blue grass region of southern Ohio. I had driven a pair of bays six miles to attend a caucus. During the evening there was a cloud-burst. When I started for home the roads were running water above the horses' gambrel joints. I braided up their tails and we splashed ahead.

In a hollow between two hills the road crossed a creek, mightily swollen and roaring menacingly as it tore along its channel. The horses stopped in their tracks, pawing and snorting. I spoke sharply and tickled their flanks with the whip, but no amount of urging could make them budge. I got out and tried to lead them but they would not be led.

Across the road lay what seemed to be a swaying black shadow. Puddling through water eight inches deep to investigate, I checked my step with a jerk on the brink of a yawning gully. The creek, swollen to the volume of a mountain torrent, had swept away the bridge. If the horses had gone ahead at my bidding, we should all have plunged to death in the flood.

Human sense had failed. It took horse-sense to save the day.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

## Post Office Cats in Other Lands

GEORGE CECIL

SOME years ago, a German, who had discovered emeralds in the mighty Andes, on leaving the Argentine, presented his traveling companion, an enormous white Maltese cat, to a Buenos Aires postmaster. "Giacomo," finding the heat oppressive, pined, and, probably to his satisfaction, was handed over to the captain of a steamer bound for New York. The engaging animal's new home was a suburban post office, which he left for Canada, a Toronto postmaster's daughter, on a visit to the United States, having fancied him exceedingly. Shortly after taking up his quarters in the post office, where all vied with each other in paying the furry treasure attention, he came to an untimely end. While rubbing himself, in friendly fashion, against the lower tier of a carelessly arranged stack of mail bags, a heavy sack fell, with three more on top of it. Poor "Giacomo" was flattened out like any pancake.

The defunct cat has been replaced by another of Maltese breed, a postmaster on the Mediterranean island obligingly despatching a green-eyed, bushy-tailed white kitten across the seas. For three years "Caruso" (he miaows ever so melodiously) has sat on a well cushioned stool at the postmaster's right hand. The importation has not, according to the records, yet caught a mouse, his only sporting jaunt being a visit to a girl's school next door, where he attempted to force unwelcome attentions upon an elderly parrot. Severely pecked and feeling sorry for himself, Caruso thereupon decided never to wander further than the post office garden. Smaller—and less dangerous—birds await him there.

A Quebec post office also possesses a cat, said to be descended from a Versailles mouser, which was brought to Canada when the Edict of Nantes having been revoked, innumerable Huguenots fled the wrath of the French government. Tradition has it that the creature's remote ancestors were petted by Richelieu, who, as all the world knows, or should know, was partial to cats. Its appropriate name is "Louis."

## "Michael" takes a Walk

A Welsh village postmaster rejoices in a plump little brindled cat, which, frequenting the office table, obligingly serves as paper weight.

In an Edinburgh branch post office a gigantic silver tabby marches up and down the counter, only quitting it when the pangs of hunger require satisfying at the amiable butcher's, round the corner. A London suburban post office is embellished by two kittens, a brother and a sister, aged three months. Each young lady clerk is a mother to the pair, who, alas, recently became orphans.

In a tiny Irish village the postmaster's blotched tabby follows the postman for the first quarter mile of his round. The public house being reached, Michael (he is named after the late Collins) halts, crosses the sanded threshold, and miaows—as a gentle hint that walking is thirsty work. The amiable land-

lord produces a saucer of milk; the visitor, like Jack Sprat and his wife, licks the platter clean, and returns whence he came. Weather permitting, the performance is repeated daily.

A few Paris post offices are distinguished in the cat line. There is at one establishment a fine silver-gray animal, upon whose scarlet collar jingling bells are threaded. A hundred yards away is another post office, where a

tender-hearted maid-servant, who declared that it had run away, eventually to be presented to the postmaster. All this happened in a crowded week.

Rarely does one come across a cat in an Italian post office, *il gatto*, like the flea, not being popular in this operatic "Mussolini-run" country. Spain also gives pussy a miss.

## Cockroaches for the Cat

Up till recently, two enchanting Siamese cats, pale cocoa in color and provided with the characteristic kink in their tails, might be seen on the steps of the general post office in Bangkok. Doubtless the ornate pair still are there, or, if they have disappeared, two more probably have filled the vacancy. The postmaster in heated Semaran (a torrid Javanese townlet) always makes a point of keeping a golden-haired mouser—a local specialty—on the premises, the practice having been handed down to him by his predecessors. Indeed the Semaran post office without a cat would be like "Hamlet" deprived of its principal character. Grimalkin rarely figures in the scheme of things as arranged by the Burmese postmaster; but in Cochin-China a thin, rat-tailed variety sometimes is installed. Twice a day the creature is fed on boiled rice, fish and watered milk, the second meal being a frugal one, in order that the cat may be disposed to catch mice when locked up at night in the post office. Cockroaches also await him.

In Egypt conservative postmasters of the old school (and there are many of them) having, like their respected ancestors, been taught to appreciate cats, usually keep one, and even more. "Rameses" prowls in the dusky, fly-ridden post office enclosure, visits the sorting room, miaows plaintively when ignored by the heartless staff, and occasionally accounts for a mouse. The modern Egyptian takes no interest in the large-eyed, heavily-whiskered caterwauler. To do otherwise would be against his principles.

The Coomassie postmaster, a Negro of ebon hue, rejoices in a large office cat with raccoon markings and a passion for slaughtering every creeping thing. "Sambo," keeping one eye open when asleep, spies a fly climbing up the wall. He makes a dash for it, sometimes to land in a large inkpot. Disgrace follows.

FROM a recent communication from the Sociedad Argentina Protectora de Los Animales, with headquarters in Buenos Aires, we learn the society is giving special attention to Humane Education and that it has taken steps to organize about 30 Bands of Mercy of 25 members each. Through the generosity of a friend we have been able to give substantial aid to this enterprise.

MRS. BRIDLEY (at 1 A. M.)—Oh, Jack, wake up! I can just feel there's a mouse in the room.

Husband (drowsily)—"Well, just feel there's a cat, too, and go to sleep."—*Boston Transcript*



"MINOUSSE," MARSEILLES POST OFFICE CAT, MUCH LOVED BY THE STAFF

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

OCTOBER, 1927

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

FROM A WELL-KNOWN WRITER

Kennebunkport, Maine

September 6, 1927

My dear Dr. Rowley:

The little editorial in the last number of *Our Dumb Animals*, entitled "A Nuisance And a Cruelty," seems to me really constructive! Most of us just groan over the poor unhappy animals at the gasoline places, and do nothing about it, except motor by, and turn our heads in the other direction . . . Your suggestion that we should *never buy* anything at these places, is good; but your second suggestion that we should drive up and ask the people at the station where we can get gas *where there are no caged and captive animals*, is better!

So long as you have given a hint as to what can be done, may I enlarge upon it? Couldn't some cards be printed, saying something to this effect:

We do not buy gasoline from you because we cannot bear to see animals made uncomfortable by being kept prisoners.

Such cards could be distributed along the highways; perhaps not by actually handing them out, but by dropping them on the sidewalk where they would be picked up and read by somebody. If all the members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were notified that these cards could be had from the Society, at some small price, I have an idea that we would all be only too glad to order them from you by the dozen, and scatter them like the seed of good will

along the wayside. Of course many of them would fall in stony places and among thorns; but if even one falls on good ground, it may spring up and bear fruit and bring forth an hundredfold. Perhaps I ought to add that there is probably a law in some towns which forbids us to throw scraps of paper, etc., into the street—but surely to drop a single card in the wilderness of the Newburyport Turnpike, in front of a gasoline station, could hardly be called a violation of the law—could it?

(Signed) MARGARET DELAND

We are having cards printed, as Mrs. Deland suggests, and will be glad to mail them free to those who will promise to distribute them. Address, *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

## THE CONFERENCE IN GENEVA

WE see no reason to think of this recent conference to bring about a better arrangement between certain of the nations in the matter of naval equipment as a failure. The world is slowly learning the folly of the needless waste of money caused by naval and military rivalry. The ghastly old spectre of war still stalks abroad haunting the cabinet chambers of the nations, inspiring the fear that repeats the long-explored maxim that to avoid war you must get ready for it. Unwilling as were members of the conference to come to a satisfactory agreement, the discussions helped to clear the air and have paved the way, we do not doubt, for further friendly consideration of the questions involved. It is significant that the British Secretary of War, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, has been quoted as saying that the conference "may prove to be the first step toward a final agreement." We refuse to believe that mankind is so utterly stupid as to have learned nothing from the bitter lessons of the past.

## A CITY OF OVER 100,000 WIPED OUT IN FIVE YEARS

BECAUSE this is a humane journal, we give here a summary of the report of the Hoover Conference on Street and Highway Safety and The American Road Builders' Association. During the past five years 3,446,370 persons have been reported injured in highway accidents in the United States, and 114,879 killed. A city of over 100,000—imagine such a city blotted out every five years! Imagine a city of three and a half millions, every one of its inhabitants injured by reason of an automobile accident every five years! Then the

economic loss—more than three billion dollars. These figures are the result of careful statistical research and have been compiled from reports of insurance companies, police records and other sources of information.

During these years 35,000 children of school age have met death by these accidents upon the highway, 7,000 a year. These various casualties outnumber annually more than two to one the entire number suffered by our forces in the World War. Think of it—every forty-one seconds someone is either killed or injured in the highway accidents of the United States! Ninety-five per cent of all these accidents are the result of the failure of the human machine rather than faulty mechanism or engineering.

Goldsmith in his "Traveller" writes:

"How small of all that human hearts endure  
That part which kings or laws can cure."

Something more than traffic regulations, something more than special legislation is needed. Thoughtfulness, caution, consideration for others' welfare, a courtesy that can be cultivated—in this personal regard for the safety and rights of others lies more than anywhere else the one thing that will reduce these appalling casualties.

We heartily urge every reader to sign and forward to Washington the following pledge:

## Pledge

KNOWING that suffering, sorrow, and unhappiness usually follow street and highway accidents, I will co-operate in an effort to avoid them by using *courtesy* and *caution* at all times, and especially when driving an automobile; I will observe traffic regulations and drive my car so that it may be controlled and stopped within a safe distance.

I will instruct all persons in my employ and urge others to use *courtesy* and *caution* at all times and never exercise haste to the point of creating a hazard.

I endorse the movement for Greater Highway Safety and will lend my aid in every practical way.

The above I promise upon my honor.

(Sign Here)

(Address)

Sign and return to American Road Builders' Association, Washington, D. C., and receive membership card free.



HAVING THEIR VACATION AT THE REST FARM OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. AT METHUEN





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor

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W. W. HASWELL, Superintendent

**Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.**  
180 LONGWOOD Avenue, Boston

MRS. EDITH W. CLARKE, President
MRS. LUCIUS CUMMINGS, Vice-President
MRS. A. J. FURBUSH, Treasurer
MISS HELEN W. POTTER, Secretary

**Annual Fair of Women's Auxiliary, Tuesday, November 15. See notice on page 160.**

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital	
184 Longwood Avenue	Telephone, Regent 6100
Veterinarians	
H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief	
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.	
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.	
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FREE Dispensary for Animals	
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.	
Advice for sick and injured animals.	

**MONTHLY REPORT**

Miles traveled by humane officers	10,702
Cases investigated	523
Animals examined	3,179
Number of prosecutions	17
Number of convictions	16
Horses taken from work	76
Horses humanely put to sleep	65
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,128

**Stock-yards and Abattoirs**

Animals inspected	50,060
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	91

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Hon. William A. Gaston of Boston, Mrs. Harriet Kellogg Westcott of Springfield, Mrs. Susan H. Kempton of New Bedford, and Georgina Crosby of Brookline.

The American Humane Education Society has been remembered in the will of Susan R. Kendall of New York City.

September 13, 1927.

**MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A. IN THE COURTS**

**Convictions in August**

Driving galled horse, \$10 fine.
Cruelly beating horse, \$15 fine.
Driving unfit horse, convicted, case filed.
Locking wings of fowl, \$5 fine.
Cruelly transporting cow, \$15 fine.
Driving galled horse, \$25 fine.
Beating horse, \$25 fine.
Selling horse unfit for labor, convicted, case filed.
Cruelly killing hog, \$20 fine.
Using unfit horse, \$100 fine.
Beating horse, \$25 fine.
Mutilating and killing dog, \$10 fine.
Locking wings of fowl, \$10 fine.
Driving unfit horse, \$25 fine.
Cruelly beating dog, \$50 fine.
Driving horse unfit for labor, \$25 fine.

**THOUSANDS OF HORSES WATERED**

**H**ORSES were watered during August at the five stations maintained by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on the streets of Boston as follows: Winthrop Square, 3,546; Post Office Square, 3,235; Merrimac Square, 2,536; Atlantic Avenue, 2,358; Roxbury Crossing, 1,039; making a total of 12,714.

**Saddle Horses for Sale**—Only to those who can give them a good home. Also horses boarded. Tel. Lexington 1384 (Massachusetts).



THEY COME AND GO. SOME STAY TWO WEEKS, SOME MUCH LONGER. THESE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SEPTEMBER 5



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

**Officers of the American Humane Education Society**

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor  
ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer  
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**Humane Press Bureau**  
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Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina

**Field Representative**  
Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

**IS THIS BRITISH FAIR PLAY?**

THE annual meeting of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection held some weeks ago at Caxton Hall, London, was broken up by some medical and other students. For nearly two hours the speakers tried in vain to address the gathering, among them Bernard Shaw. Finally the chairman was obliged to close the meeting. If these students had no better argument than the howlings, the hissing, and other kinds of rowdyism to which they resorted, they must have had little faith in their cause.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

**RICHARD HARDY**

THOSE who know Mrs. Richard Hardy, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and the place she has held for years among the humane workers of this country, will learn with sorrow of the great loss that has come to her in the death of her husband. A former mayor of Chattanooga, a business man of large experience, a citizen universally loved and honored, courteous, kind, living above all to serve his day and generation, Tennessee has lost in him an adopted son of whom it was nobly proud. Mr. Hardy was always deeply interested in educational matters, having begun his career as a teacher. Years ago at an address delivered at the University of Michigan he gave utterance to the following words, which one who has known him since says never ceased to characterize his life:

"Grant me the boon of a life that is useful and earnest; the privilege of honest toil and well-earned rest; large-hearted courage to cheer each faithful soul that strongly strives and wins or fails; kindly word and act for those who grieve; eyes to see the beauties that nature paints on land and sky and sea; ears to hear each music voice of life; senses to comprehend the meaning of the eternal plan; the confidence and trust of friends, more dear than glittering wealth or laurels rare or soon-forgotten praise.

"Grant me these, my father's God, and mine, and when my summons sounds from out the sunset skies, I'll go with hastening feet and joyous heart to tell Thee my gratitude for life."

**FROM ITALY**

IN his remarks at the fifty-second annual meeting of the National Anti-Vivisection Society, England, held recently, Mr. L. T. Hawksley said, "The humane slaughter of cattle only has been adopted by a few small towns in central Italy and by about a hundred in the North, and we hope that before long the Government will carry out the promise given in the Senate in 1925 to make humane slaughter compulsory throughout the country."

Over against this encouraging message must be set, however, what he said about "the blinding of birds with red-hot knitting needles in order to make them act as decoys and thereby assist in the netting of migratory song birds, tens of thousands of which, alas, are sent to England to be eaten in restaurants. During the last fourteen years the Rome Society confiscated and destroyed no less than 8,000 blinded birds. Assisi, where St. Francis preached to the birds, is a great centre of the blinded bird trade."

**TWO KINDS OF SUFFERING**

THE editor of *The Crisis*, after telling the story of two Negroes lynched in Mississippi—burned at the stake, says:

Try to balance if you can the momentary sufferings of those two black men, their physical suffering, against the moral degradation, the degeneracy of the white people of that community. I have sometimes tried to put it this way, that after all the Negro problem, so far as it is involved in lynching, may mean this: the saving of black America's body and of white America's soul. That is why we are agitating about lynching and all the other grievances and outrages perpetrated against the American Negro.

**A DEAR FRIEND GONE**

OUR Humane Education Society has lost, in the death of Miss Susan Kendall, of New York, one of its most loyal and generous friends. Not only to our Society was she a constant benefactor, but the long list of those other organizations seeking the welfare of humanity which she remembered in her will tells the story of a life of rare and beautiful devotion to those in many ways less blessed than she. Here was a soul, little known to the great world about her, whose time and thought and means and prayers were given to others, and to whom self was almost an unknown consideration. Heaven alone has the record of her kindly, gracious deeds. Deeply religious, confident of those unseen realities upon which her faith rested, she must have found at last life's great and eternal reward. One who knew her in the closest intimacies of their common home writes, "I love the following lines:

*Far out of sight, while sorrows still enfold us,  
Lies a far country where our hearts abide,  
And of its truth is naught more wondrous told us  
Than these few words, I shall be satisfied."*

**THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE ROYAL S. P. C. A.**

IT is true that the Prince of Wales let it be understood that if the Royal S. P. C. A. entered into the campaign to push through the Parliament the Dogs' Protection Bill—that is the bill making it unlawful to use them for vivisection—he would have to resign from the presidency of the Society, the reason for his statement being, not that he was committing himself personally as for or against the bill, but that as heir to the throne he could not officially be connected with any organization that was engaged in promoting a bill in Parliament which was the subject of public controversy. Mr. Stephen Coleridge, while stating at the annual meeting of the Society that it was greatly to be regretted that the Council had withdrawn its support from the bill—his resolution to that effect was voted—said "everyone must appreciate the perfect correctness of His Royal Highness's attitude." Many at the meeting felt the Society should have backed the Bill even at the cost of losing the Prince as president; others that, in the long run, his public withdrawal would seriously injure the organization with the courts and the people, the real reason not being generally understood.

**THE CATS' PROTECTIVE LEAGUE**

THIS League has been recently formed in London. Membership depends upon making the following pledge:

I  
Pledge myself to observe the following rules:  
1. To keep no more than one kitten out of each litter.  
2. To see that all unwanted kittens are carefully destroyed at birth.  
3. To give away no cat unless sure that it will have a really good home.  
4. To make proper arrangements for the care of my cat during absence from home.  
5. To try to learn the natural facts about cats, both male and female, so as to be able to look after them properly.

There is need enough in every community, especially in our cities, of such a league.



## HEATHERBLOOM'S PRAYER

Oh, please God, hear thy little dog,  
And grant my prayer this day:  
For all uncared-for dogs I pray,  
Please put them in more kindly homes,  
And send them meat and gristly bones,  
Oh, teach their masters, Lord, I pray,  
To recognize their rights alway.

Amen.

ABOVE photograph was taken by the late Ernest Harold Baynes of a favorite dog which figures in some of the stories written by the naturalist. The Prayer was composed by his wife, Louise Birt Baynes, who kindly contributes the material to *Our Dumb Animals*.

## ARCTIC DOGS AND THEIR NAMES

L. E. EUBANKS

ARCTIC dogs are known under four names: the Eskimo, the Husky, the Malemute, and the Siwash. Most people regard these merely as different names for the same dog—a matter of fancy.

The real Eskimo dog descended from the Arctic white wolf, and is the smallest of the four, though probably the hardiest of constitution. In many parts of the far North the Eskimo (man) is known as a Husky, and this is what led to his dog being so called. As a matter of fact, the Husky dog is seldom a straight breed, but usually a cross between Eskimo and St. Bernard or setter.

The Malemute is the dog of the Malemute tribe of Eskimos. He may or may not be a pure Eskimo dog, since that tribe has many cross-bred dogs, all called Malemutes.

The Siwash is the Indian dog, and since, as Dustin White reminds us, the Indians were not naturally dog men, the Siwash might be most anything. Generally, the dog used in the interior where the snows are deep is longer-legged than the real Eskimo dog. The latter is at his best on the wind-swept, packed snows or shore ice of the Arctic coasts.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

## Buying a Dog

ROBERT STANLEY

A MONTH ago we'd never seen him and now he's ours, our very own, or in strict truth, we are *his*; we belong to "Darkie," and without being exactly domineering, he runs the household.

"What about a theater tonight? There's a jolly good show on at 'the Electric.'"

"You go if you like, but don't forget we promised Darkie a long walk. He's been looking forward and talking about it all day."

"So he has, bless him. All right, the 'Electric' tomorrow then—no, stay, that's his bath night, mustn't neglect the dog for idle pleasure must we?"

So the talk runs on; I don't suppose any event happens without Darkie's opinion being taken first.

"What's it to be, old chap, down in the town shopping, over the fields or a ramble on the beach, and bye the bye, mind you bring my stick out safely *this* time, though, come to think of it, you couldn't help the sea being so rough could you? And it wasn't much of a stick anyway?"

Dear me, only a month and we seem to have been friends for years. What excitement it was when we bought him and what a shop! Dogs, birds, ferrets, rabbits, mice and cats "all in together," as the children say. Too subdued, poor things, to even notice one another, every natural instinct in abeyance.

"If you please, I want to buy a dog, not too dear, and nothing show or pedigree, just one that will like us very much and bite hawkers, tramps and burglars."

The man said he had "exactly the animal I wanted"; he trotted out a monstrous hound.

"Matter of five guineas—or knocking off the white money—say pounds, and he's yours," he said.

A dear old chap but too big altogether for our little furnished flat; I passed by "Rover" with a sigh and Rover seemed to know. His eye caught mine.

"Do buy me, please, I'm so tired of these surroundings and the company."

I slipped him a knob of sugar and a pat; it's a chokey business leaving a doggie like that but I couldn't help myself.

"There's plenty more," said the dealer, "plenty, little and big, and they're all good."

So they were to be sure and, as the man assured me, all were "good." Given a long purse and a large establishment, I would willingly have bought the lot; there's a world of pathos in a dog-shop, the unfailing canine instinct tells them you're a friendly native and you're going to walk away with one of 'em. Well, and so in the end I did, I took Darkie.

"Yes, you're a dear rascal, and why? Not because you are 'good for showing,' highly bred or even much to look at, but just because you are *you*. Possibly trying to bite my leg had something to do with it, only fun that was, or artfulness—to draw attention to yourself."

"How much for this 'little chap?'" I asked.

"Oh 'im'" said the dealer. The wretched man thought my selective powers at fault, I saw that by his disappointed glance.

"'Im, well by rights 'e ought to be a pound, but fifteen bob 'll do it, though I'd rather sell the big 'un any day; there's points about 'im and . . .'" the man's manner was annoying.

Darkie, I felt, belonged to me already, even before the necessary money had changed

hands. "This miserable dealer was speaking in derogatory terms of a very old friend of mine, a thing I never permit, forgive nor overlook."

"Fifteen shillings," I said severely, "and please to count them, oh, and where can I buy a lead?"

A lead, it is the only unkind thing I've ever said to Darkie, I shall not easily forget his look!

"Say, old man," he barked, "I don't want a chain to keep me near *you*, I'm going to follow my pal round the wide world, I am, put the eighteen pence back in your pocket and buy something useful with it, see."

That was our first little real chat and the only time he's had occasion to properly tell me off. Why even now, a month afterwards, it still rankles a bit. I sometimes catch a look in Darkie's eye that says, "A lead, yes, go on and buy one and leave it lying about; go on, buy it; I'll bite it to bits, I will, and you'd go with it, only I'm so fond of you, see."

Dear dogs, they can't talk, but there isn't much they don't know, is there?

## STRAY DOG

CHARLOTTE MISH in *Munsey's*

YOUR wistful eyes searched each one as he passed,  
Stray dog—so lost, so starved and starkly thin,  
And yet your gallant hope held to the last  
That there would come a heart to take you in.

Some came who jeered at your bewilderment,  
Some kicked you, shouted, threw things till  
you'd gone,  
But, oh, more cruel was the one who bent  
And petted you, and murmured—and went on.

## FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

SUSIE DI MICO

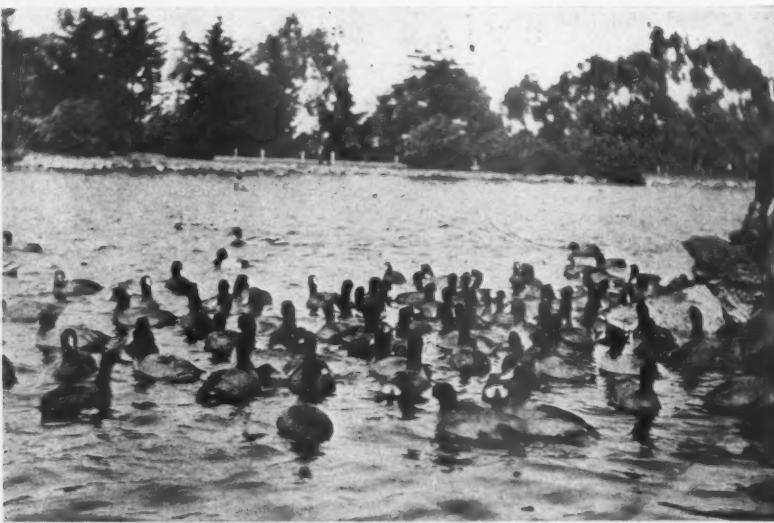
JAMES PODOLEC, of Amsterdam, N. Y., had two faithful admirers, "Buddie" and "Beauty," both of them collies. The three were great friends, being always together. James had only to whistle once, and both of the dogs would run quickly toward him.

It was on the Fourth of July, 1926, that James had a most unfortunate accident. Being only a boy, thirteen years of age, his fingers fairly itched to play with his dangerous fireworks. While shooting off a giant salute, he was not quick enough to throw it away in time, and it exploded in his hand, inflicting a painful wound. Badly frightened, James went into his house, with Buddy and Beauty at his heels. Blood-poisoning developed in the boy's arm, and in one day he died.

The two collies missed their beloved friend, but they soon found out where he was. Stationing themselves in front of James' coffin, Buddy and Beauty looked at him with sad, watery eyes. All efforts failed to move the faithful dogs away.

When James was buried in the family lot, in St. Stanislaus Cemetery, Buddy and Beauty followed the funeral procession. Every day the two dogs would go to the cemetery, and whine and howl near their departed master's grave.

One day they were missed. Later it was discovered that the two dogs had died near their beloved grave. Beauty and Buddy now lie near James Podolec, side by side.



STOPPING FOR A REST ON THEIR SOUTHWARD FLIGHT

## MIGRATION OF WATERFOWL

D. R. A. H. PALMER

MOST of our wild waterfowl migrate with the seasons. They spend their winters in the southern portions of the United States or in Mexico, and their summers in Canada or Alaska, where they raise their young. During their winter sojourn with us they are comparatively tame, and can be approached without difficulty. But during summer they take wing on sight of any human being. In many states the laws now prohibit the shooting of these, our guests.

During the migrating seasons, spring and autumn, wild ducks and geese are frequently seen in large flocks, usually in V-shaped formations, as they follow their leaders. In the course of such a migration these wild birds sometimes fly several thousand miles. During these long journeys they pause only for food, water, and brief rest periods. They are often seen to migrate about the time of a marked change in the weather. While they cannot anticipate weather changes, they are probably more sensitive to such changes than we are. Thus they begin to fly northward in spring at the first approach of warm weather, before we are aware that a change has begun. So, too, in the autumn, they begin their long journey southward about the time of the approach of the first severe cold wave, and occasionally fly ahead of it a day or two.

There are probably fewer wild waterfowl in North America now than there were a generation ago. Today they are found in large numbers only in frontier regions, "far from the madding crowd."

## NEW BIRD REFUGE IN OREGON

BY recent executive order the McKay Creek reclamation project reservoir, Umatilla County, Oregon, together with small legal subdivisions of adjoining land, has been made a Federal bird refuge, under the administration of the Bureau of Biological Survey. This reservoir, about six miles southwest of Pendleton, Oregon, will provide a good resting place for waterfowl, even though the refuge itself is not an especially good feeding ground. There are excellent feeding grounds in the adjacent region, however.

## TO AN OLD FRIEND GONE SOUTH

J. B. CARRINGTON

*Towhee," "Cheewink," no more you call,  
In cheery tones at break of day,  
You've heard the threat'ning winds of fall,  
And set your course for far away.*

*All summer long your friendly ways,  
Made us love you, little bird,  
You added to the pleasant days;  
And often in the rain we heard*

*Your happy song that sunshine brought,  
Behind the clouds when drear and gray.  
You drove away all gloomy thought,  
With music tuned to simple lay.*

*A jet black throat, brown chestnut side,  
A tail that flashes black and white,  
Short wings that beat the air you ride,  
And cause your fluttering flight.*

*"Touhee," you said but yesterday.  
Then loud to you the south call came,  
And down some airy, high pathway,  
You left us, calling out your name!*

## THE DOG, THE SPARROW AND THE MAN

THE famous Russian novelist, Turgenev, was out one day with his dog, and the novelist's heart was warm with gratitude for so fine a day. The dog put his nose to the ground and approached something. A baby sparrow was trying to fly. Turgenev was about to check the dog when something else intervened.

The mother sparrow dashed to the ground and flew between the dog and her little one. Twice the brave mother beat her wings against the dog's face. She was willing to risk all danger near those jaws of death. Suddenly the dog stopped, seemed to consider, and then turned away.

Turgenev marveled at the fearlessness of the tiny sparrow, willing to risk her life defending her young. After witnessing this sight he wrote that love is stronger than fear or death, and that it is love that holds the universe together. —*The Kablegram*

## THE TERROR OF THE NIGHT

WILBUR LONG

LARGEST of our native birds of prey, the great horned owl is the nemesis of all small nocturnal folk, as well as the lovers of the daylight hours which are so unfortunate as to be without shelter at nightfall. With a wing spread sometimes exceeding six feet, and a total length from head to tail of two feet or more, this huge marauder cruises about on silent wings, ever on the lookout for a victim.

The owl's downy feathers are so constructed that the bird is enabled to fly swiftly and swoop upon its prey silently as a snowflake. Almost the whole side of the head is ear, so that the slightest scratch of claws on bark, or snap of twig under the unwary feet of rat or rabbit, is heard for fifty yards or more. The great destroyer hovers over like a shadow, fierce yellow eyes glare about, sharp claws reach down, and the unwary one is borne away to feed the hungry young, with only a few tiny drops of blood, or some drifting feathers to speak of tragedy.

The great horned owl may be known at once by its great size, its dark brown color and the conspicuous tufts of feathers over the eyes. The word "horned" is a misnomer, for the "horns" are mere ornaments, having no relation either to horns or ears. The claws are an inch or more in length, hard as steel and sharp as needles. The legs and toes are completely feathered. The characteristic facial "disc" or group of feathers about each eye is well developed, and gives the bird a very wise appearance.

The haunt of this bird is thick woodland, with open fields or sloughs close by, where rabbits and other small wild life are plentiful. Almost every patch of woodland has a pair of these birds, and if near a farm-house, they often pick up unwary chickens roosting in trees or bushes.

The nesting season begins very early, about the middle of February, and the young, characteristic of the young of most birds of prey, stay in the nest about two months. Three pure white eggs are deposited in a hollow tree, if a suitable one can be found, and if not, a hawk's nest is appropriated.

Aside from man, the great horned owl has but one natural enemy—the common crow. Let him venture out by day, and be spied by a crow and almost immediately a mob of the black ruffians gathers about. Frequently a hundred or more are in the mob and the clamor can be heard for miles on a quiet day. The poor owl is driven from one place to another, vainly trying to escape his tormentors, until night falls once more and the hunted becomes the hunter. This antipathy of the crow for the owl is shared by all birds, and has never been explained satisfactorily. The crows rarely touch the owl, but do seem to annoy it to distraction.

This bird is sometimes called the "hoot-owl" and is a very proficient hooter, but not so good as the barred owl. The sound is not loud, but fills the woods, and is almost impossible to locate. It seems near and yet far away, dimmed by great distance. I once watched two of the birds hooting, and though they were less than thirty yards distant, the sound seemed to come from a half mile away. It was early in the evening, and twilight in the woods. The big birds sat on a branch, silently twisting their heads this way and that. Suddenly one bobbed forward like a rooster crowing or a turkey gobbling and the ghostly sound rolled

through the woods. They sat motionless for a few seconds, waiting for some animal or bird to move and betray its presence. Then the performance was repeated. After five minutes of this, the two detected my presence and flew away.

The species has a wide range all over the eastern half of the United States, but is nowhere very plentiful. Food consists of almost any kind of small wild life caught napping, but cottontails seem to form the largest part of its living. Rats, mice, small birds, chickens, and even larger game are occasionally taken. With the ever-increasing army of hunters and the cutting of the woodland in which it makes its home, the great horned owl is yearly being driven back. It is a noble bird, but will be unable to adapt itself to the settled community, at least in this country where there are so many sportsmen.



FOUNTAIN IN ROOSEVELT BIRD SANCTUARY, OYSTER BAY, L. I., ERECTED BY THE AUDUBON SOCIETY

#### TEACH CHILDREN KINDNESS

MISS G. KENDALL

THIS teaching kindness to animals may seem a simple thing, but the more one looks into its merits the more penetrating this spiritualizing influence proves to be, causing a change of conduct, inspiring justice and compassion in the place of selfishness and cruelty; training the mind to apprehend and the heart to sympathize with the needs of the lowly creatures who form the theoretical object lesson of such surpassing interest to the young; obviously the "protecting sympathy" which a child may be taught to feel towards its helpless dumb companion, may in after years inspire the life of the philanthropist.

How much teaching is needed is demonstrated by the incredibly cruel deeds perpetrated by children even of tender years, which call forth neither remonstrance nor reproof from parent or guardian.

Remember the American Humane Education Society in your will.

#### THE QUAIL'S CARTOONIST FRIEND

ROBERT PRICE

THE THERE are a lot of reasons why Ohio will never revoke her law which gives full protection to the Bob-whites, and "Billy" Ireland, the imitable cartoonist of the *Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch*, is several of them! From the very beginning of the agitation in behalf of the quail, back in 1915, Mr. Ireland has used his drawing ability to make friends for these little birds and has probably done more than any other one man in Ohio to create the love for them which is now so general throughout the state.

It is a significant fact that the Audubon Society's Christmas bird census in 1914 did not report a single Bob-white from Ohio. Every year since they have appeared on the lists in ever-increasing numbers. Today the Bob-white is one of the most familiar and certainly the most friendly of all the feathered folk which frequent Ohio roadsides. Their tameness is remarkable. The little coves wander serenely along a few feet from the whizzing automobiles. If you are walking, they will gossip together about you from the fence row, but appear to have the utmost confidence in you. Every winter many an Ohio farmer feeds a flock or two along with his livestock. The quail have undoubtedly increased enormously during their years of protection, and Ohioans are glad.

And "Billy" Ireland helps to keep them glad, for there is never a season that he does not feature the Bob-white somewhere in his widely admired cartoons. He loves best of all to picture a mother quail strutting sedately before a flock of her dozen or so chicks. "The Little Old Lady in the Paisley Shawl" he calls her, and the name has become practically synonymous with "Bob-white" in Ohio.

Every so often some so-called sportsmen raise the cry that the quail are becoming too thick, that they are even causing damage to grain crops because of their increased numbers. But Mr. Ireland and facts point in a different direction. It is known that the Bob-white feeds upon no less than 145 species of insects, most of which are harmful to agriculture. They are extremely partial to at least eighteen varieties of noxious weed seeds, of which a single bird will consume more than 100,000 in a season. The states of North Carolina and Virginia combined estimate that quail consume 1,341 tons of weed seeds in those states between September 1 and April 30 each year.

The evidence is too convincing in favor of the Bob-white. Anyway, it's the hunters, not Ohio farmers, who are doing the complaining. The latter agree one and all with the words of the old farmer "Billy" Ireland recently drew.

"Just listen to those quail!" he was pictured as saying. "Do you recall how his enemies said he'd die off because the hunters no longer were feeding him? Well—I reckon now they'll be saying that in order to save the quail the hunters should be allowed to thin them out, and I say that *I love them just as they are!*"

PLAINLY speaking, the boy who maliciously kills a bird has not had the right sort of training by parents or school teachers. His education in morals has been neglected, therefore his reformation should begin with the parents.

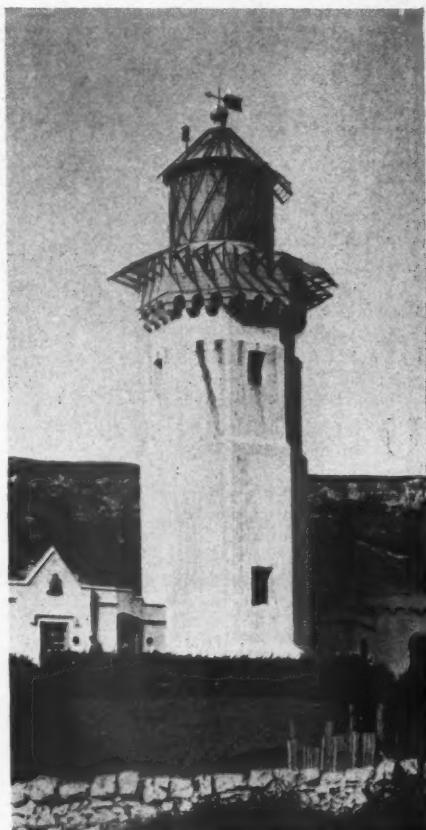
—*Blue Valley Farmer (Okla.)*

#### A BIRDS' HOTEL

F. C. DAVEY

AT St. Catherine's Lighthouse in the Isle of Wight, every autumn provision is made for the migrating birds.

At one time, the birds, attracted maybe for



ST. CATHERINE'S LIGHT, ISLE OF WIGHT, ENGLAND, WITH THE FRAMEWORK FITTED OUT FOR THE BIRDS

twenty or thirty miles, used to dash themselves against the glass in a vain endeavor to get at the light, and in the morning the ground below was found to be strewn with bodies. It was found that some of the rarer species were thus being exterminated.

Now, a framework is fitted out on September first all round the cap and platform of the lighthouse to accommodate the birds, and on this they are content to perch and stay beside the light all night.

The "guests" who gather here sometimes amount to hundreds at a time and include every imaginable species.

#### A PRAYER FOR HUNTED CREATURES

BLANCHE BALFOUR

WHEN the gallants turn home at the end of a

run,  
Thrilled with the joy of the brave task done,  
May the quarry set free on some shining trail  
Where the habits of earth do not prevail,  
Hunt, and be hunted, with never a doubt  
That the odds are even, and death ruled out;  
And the Master Himself shall say "Well done"  
To His whole creation at set of sun.

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
4. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Twenty-one new Bands of Mercy were reported in August, nearly all being in schools. Of these, eleven were in Virginia; seven in Washington; two in Syria; and one in Maine.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 163,639

### JUVENILE LEAGUES IN INDIA

UNDER the auspices of the Bombay Humanitarian League, with headquarters at Bombay, India, a humane education department has been opened with the object of organizing Juvenile Leagues of Mercy in schools and colleges. We are advised that the work is progressing and that already Leagues have been organized in about a dozen schools.

### HONDURAS SCHOOLS ORGANIZED

THREE hundred pupils in the high and primary schools of San Pedro, Sula, Honduras, Central America, have joined a society called El Zorral, the name of one of the most common birds in that region, organized to protect domestic and inoffensive animals. Miss Esmirna Bueno, the secretary, a pupil at Colegio Jose Trinidad Reyes, writes us for literature and badges, which we have been glad to forward. Perhaps some of the officers of Bands of Mercy or Junior Humane Societies in this country would like to send greetings to the Honduras society, which may be done through the secretary at the address given above.

### FROM A FORMER SCHOOL TEACHER

Springfield, Missouri

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*  
Dear Friend:

I am writing to thank you so kindly for sending me the dear paper so long, and it is with the deepest regret that I am compelled to part with it, as I cannot read it any more, and it is like parting with a dear old friend. Again I thank you many, many times.

I passed my ninetieth birthday last fourth of July.

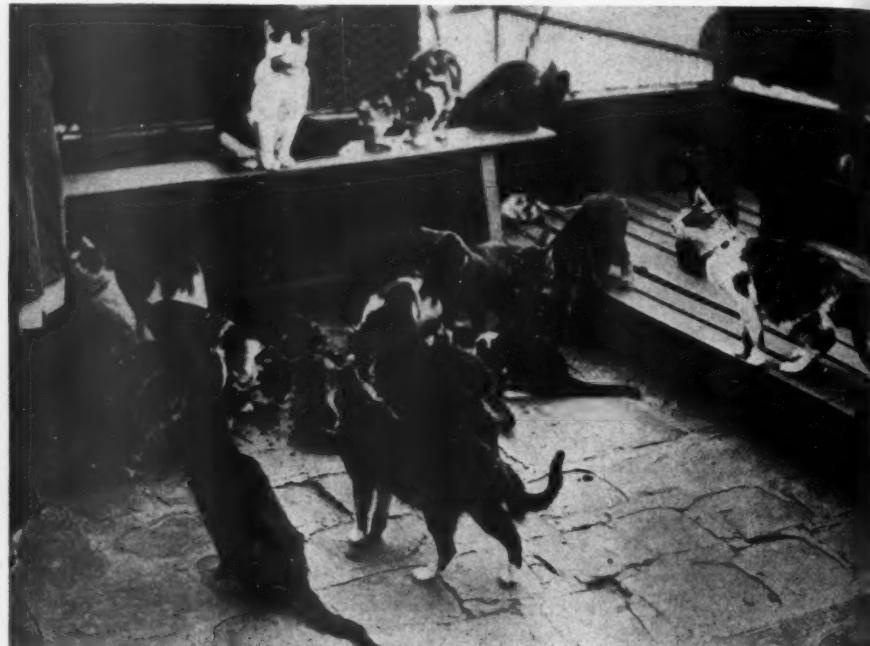
Good-bye, dear kind friends, and may God bless your work with great success.

Gratefully,

(Signed) Mrs. J. A. H. COLBY

### HONORABLE MENTION

WE are glad to publish the name of Nathaniel Miles Doten, Newton Highlands, Mass., as a young lad who was most helpful in posting our autumn cards warning against abandoning cats by residents leaving their summer resorts.



THE CATS' MIDDAY MEAL AT THE INFIRMARY FOR POOR DOGS AND CATS, PARIS, FOUNDED BY MR. GORDON BENNETT

### SYRIAN PRIZE ESSAY

THIS is the translation of the article that won one of the prizes in the contest conducted by Mr. Rida Himadi of Syria. The subject is, "What are the benefits of the Band of Mercy or the S. P. C. A. in Lebanon and Syria?" and the writer is Edward Abi Jowdeh, a graduate of the French school of Aintoora, Liban.

Let me converse with you about the S. P. C. A. in Syria and its virtual and moral benefits. It is really an American innovation; it is very surprising to some people when they think of its creation. I suggest that this movement has the most beautiful effect upon the souls and why? Because it teaches kindness and compassion. Is compassion then a bad thing? If we consider it so, then all the shelter houses and orphanages are channels of vice and destruction. Many object, why don't we be compassionate to men and not to animals? Is it not more beautiful and worthy? The answer is very easy. Is not compassion the same in both cases? Is it not the same source which cannot be divided?

Compassion, then, is a spiritual light which always remains superior if it falls on the speaking animal or dumb. Do you think that it hurts if it is planted in the hearts of the boys, not only the boys, but men and ladies? This is a very delicate feeling, in having the youngsters being kind to their cats, to their dogs and pets, and to protect them also. This instinct grows in the child little by little so that when it becomes a second nature in him it will not be satisfied to show its effect upon animals only, but extends to men, to poor ones and those who are in need.

Do you think that when a man becomes compassionate he will mistreat his fellow-being? Will close his door in the face of a poor man? And close his eyes when he sees a very poor old widow begging in the street? Or will he always be cheerful, sensitive, and his motto, Glory to God, co-operation and help? Are

we not in such need for such men if we form such a society? Is not compassion the best virtue? What do you prefer to see—a boy holding a stick and beating his animal or a boy offering him a piece of sugar? Have you ever seen a boy who robbed a nest, took the birdies and began to deprive them from their feathers, then took their legs and wings away and the birdie shrieked loudly in his hands calling for his mother? Many times we have seen such cruelties; don't they show the foolishness and lack in feelings? What kind of a crime did that bird commit to give it such bad treatment? The answer is because it has broken a law by eating the crumbs of bread from the window or because that dog has stolen a piece of meat from the butcher's shop. But this is his own instinct and we cannot blame him for it. Well, then, compassion towards the animal, not only develops the morals and senses but has another benefit which is the material one. Kindness and good treatment towards an animal produce some benefits. If the Americans and Europeans saw that the societies of such kind were harmful, they would not continue to organize them.

Do you think that the S. P. C. A. in Syria takes care of such kind? Yes, because it depends largely upon the activities concerning kindness to animals which are practised in America. They have studied all the conditions of animals and prescribed the best medicine for them. Mr. Rida Himadi, the representative of this society in our country, is just translating the same instructions which are reproduced in America. Also these available leaflets (How to treat our animals) have very good advices to be taken by the farmers and proprietors of animals.

Do you think that joining this society costs anything? No, it costs nothing. Why, then, don't we welcome this movement when it is a very big step for the promotion of the country?



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## ON WITH THE HUNT!

LOUELLA C. POOLE

*PLEASURE, do you call it,  
To chase the hunted thing,  
Or to quench the joyous song  
Of bird upon the wing?*

*Sport to kill and frighten  
Harmless beasts at play  
In the woods and meadows  
All the summer day?*

*Hunting is an instinct  
Not to be denied?  
Well, let's hunt with camera—  
In its shots take pride!*

NATURE students who have made a study of the spider give him a good name. He is a fine architect and mechanic. He builds houses and bridges on most scientific principles. It takes a spider three-quarters of an hour to make a web measuring half a yard across, and the strength of the silk is really something wonderful, for, size to size, the web is tougher than a bar of steel."

## A EWE AND HER CRUTCH

GERTRUDE BOWER

BOTH profitable and humane was the treatment given to "Happy" when she broke her leg.

At first she didn't have a name—she was just one of the many ewes owned by George Rambolt of Maybell, Colorado. But one night when she came in with the rest of the flock, she was limping badly. In fact she would not rest any weight on the right hind leg.

Instead of just letting her suffer a few days to see if the hurt was serious or not, she was immediately singled out of the flock, examined, and when it was found the leg had been broken in some way, a home-made splint, as shown in the illustration, was made.

The next morning she remained in the cool shade of the shed where she received alfalfa and water. In a few days Mr. Rambolt noticed that she was trying to make her way around the shed. Her apparent cheerful manner as she nosed about won her the name of "Happy."

As time went on, she became more and more active and used the leg exceedingly well. The picture was taken after she was allowed to run with the flock again and a few days before the splint was removed for good. A little attention saved this sheep much suffering.



THE BEST OF FRIENDS

## THE LITTLE GIRL WITH THE WHITE COAT

LORENE BOWMAN

THIS Little Girl lived quite near a big city park. It was a beautiful park with flower beds of tulips and daffodils in the spring, and evergreen trees that looked like fluffy snowballs in winter.

In the park there were some squirrels and the Little Girl used to watch them. At first they would scamper away and run up the trees, and she could only look up at them and call, "Come down, little squirrels, I won't hurt you." Always she talked to them with a soft voice and gradually the little squirrels began to watch for the Little Girl in the White Coat. She nearly always wore white. The squirrels noticed that none of her clothes were trimmed in the skins of their fathers or mothers that they had loved, so she never reminded them of guns or nets when they looked at her. One day her father suggested that she take nuts along for the squirrels, so she began to fill her pockets with them. When she went to the store she would think about the little squirrels that liked nuts as well as she did and would buy nuts for them. Each sunny day when she and her father walked in the park, she counted as the best part of the walk the calling the squirrels and feeding them.

"Why do the squirrels come to me, father? They never used to come," queried the Little Girl in the White Coat.

"Because they have learned to know that you love them. Even with people, if you want them to come to you, you must love them."

That was a good answer from her father.

"But don't you think they come for the nuts I give them?" You see, the Little Girl really wanted to know.

"Yes," was the wise answer of her father, "but you gave them nuts because you love them, don't you? Now, when you grow up, if people get from you gentleness and kindness and graciousness, you will find them coming to you."



"HAPPY" AND HER SPLINT

## AUXILIARY FAIR, NOVEMBER 15

The annual Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will be held at the Society's building all day, Tuesday, November 15, 1927. Among the various tables will be the white elephant, in charge of Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher; food, under the direction of Mrs. Fred B. Kimball; candy, presided over by Mrs. Charles Rowley; utility, with Mrs. Howard F. Woodward as chairman; and Junior Auxiliary, Mrs. Mary M. Richmond in charge. There will be bridge, with Mrs. E. L. Klahre as hostess, and a cafeteria with Mrs. Edith W. Clarke presiding. Other features are being planned which will be announced later.

As the Fair is held in the interests of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, contributions of salable articles, or of cash, will be most welcome and will be officially acknowledged if sent to Mrs. A. J. Furbush, treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

## "THE STORY OF SCRAGGLES"

WE have just reread George Wharton James's fascinating account of his experiences with "Scraggles," the crippled song sparrow which he adopted and took into his home at Pasadena. For three months Dr. James and the little bird were bosom friends. No more touching or tender tale is to be found than the story of the love of this great-hearted man—he was of giant proportions—for this wee, pathetic mite of bird life. Older readers of *Our Dumb Animals* will recall the series of articles on "Love's Power Over Wild Animals" which Dr. James contributed several years ago. He was the author of some thirty-odd volumes, many of them dealing with the natural wonders of the West. We wish that "The Story of Scraggles" might be placed in every school library in the land. It is a brief record, about 100 pages, attractively bound and illustrated. Copies may be obtained for \$1.25, net, of Miss Edith E. Farnsworth, 1098 N. Raymond Av., Pasadena, California.

## TO "WISE EYES"

MAY GIBSON SHERBAKOFF

WITH eyes like twin jade pools you gaze at me. What thoughts, I wonder, 'neath that gaze can be; I fear, Wise Eyes, though innocent your stare, You dream of future victims to ensnare.

You curve your slim, young neck with arching grace,

With charming yawn and seeming ennui You curl your lithesome body, soft and warm, And fall asleep a-napping on my knee.

But as you lie all cuddled up so snug In fitful doze contentedly benign, I know full well that underneath that mien There beats a heart of cunning-sly design.

Still, though you are a selfish little witch, Blame never should be given you for that; For you by nature's whims were born that way, My pretty, graceful, green-eyed tiger cat.

Be Kind to Animals Anniversary dates for 1928 have been set for April 15 to 21.

## HOW INSECTS MAKE LOVE

Gifts, Perfumes, Songs and Dances Used, Says Professor Huxley

PROFESSOR Julian Sorell Huxley of Oxford University has started a vigorous debate among naturalists by telling the British Association for the Advancement of Science that he has seen lowly forms of animal life dance, sing, pose, and give presents, as part of complicated love affairs. In many ways these courtships are astonishingly like human conduct, writes Elwell Crissey in the September *Popular Science Monthly*. Some insects described by professor Huxley use delicate flower and fruit perfumes to make themselves appealing. Many birds and animals, and even some reptiles, sing love songs to their mates, and dancing is a favorite way among the insects of showing deep affection.

Professor Huxley described how he had watched male hunting spiders go through a series of complicated dances in front of their sweethearts. On approaching his mate, one lover was seen to hump himself up on one side and crouch on the other by doubling his legs. In this ridiculous posture he sidled rapidly around in front of Miss Spider, then suddenly reversed and went the other way. He circled nearer and nearer. At last, apparently won by the demonstration, she rushed toward him. The swain held her off by his forelegs, slowly retreated, and started circling all over again. More than one hundred circles were counted before the two joined for a last mad whirl, round and round in one spot.

## Plays Tune on Spider Web

The web-spinning spider, on the other hand, comes up to the web of his lady love much as any modern Romeo might come to the balcony of his Juliet. Instead of strumming a ukulele, though, he strokes a thread of the net, setting up peculiar vibrations which the lady spider recognizes.

One kind of hunting spider entices his mate by offering her a choice fly neatly wrapped in silk. This same instinct of giving presents, which figures so largely in human courtships, appears also in the carnivorous flies, *empidæ*. The male of this species makes a flower bouquet for his love. First he blows up a ball of bubbles from a viscous fluid which he secretes, then he attaches it to his legs, and sticks a flower petal or a little leaf in it.

Butterflies and moths employ perfumery to make themselves attractive to their own kind. The white powder on the wings of the male garden white butterfly smells delicately of balsam or lemon. Some butterflies have even rose perfume. Jarflies, crickets and grasshoppers send their love calls far and wide, loudly fiddling their wings over their legs.

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N. FRED LONG

SEVERAL years ago I bought four pennants, "Be Kind to Animals Week." I put them up over the mantels in four tenant houses on the plantation or farm. I said to the colored mothers: "Teach your children to be kind to animals and they will be kind to people and never get into trouble." I did not know how well I built until I was told after that never a mule or cow was mistreated. The men could not afford to set the example of cruelty.

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WILBERFORCE

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